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ADMIT THE MASTER.—Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith. Revelations 3:20, 22.

GOOD BUSINESS OUTLOOK

The opening paragraph of the current (July 30) weekly financial news letter of Henry Clews & Co., the Wall Street authorities, is very encouraging. It is as follows:

"A remarkable midsummer stock market has continued during the past week. Under the stimulus of increasingly satisfactory business prospects and encouraging reports from all parts of the country, prices for special stocks have been materially advanced and general optimism has prevailed, although profit taking at the close of the week was more or less of a feature. Some of the chief factors, which have combined to promote this situation in the market have been renewed assurances from the administration that cuts in taxation, even larger than had been promised, may be regarded as practically assured, with a probable curtailment of surtaxes to a figure not over 20 per cent; the excellent railroad earnings that are reported, with an advance in June of 35 per cent in gross over 1924 on forty-six roads, the improving condition of affairs in the steel trade, with very good earnings statements and an increasing volume of business, and the unusual demand for consumption goods that is being felt by distributors in general."

STEPS TOWARD PEACE

Strong criticism has been urged for some years against some of the subject matter of text books now in use in our schools and colleges. And why and what this criticism is the question which immediately arises in the minds of men and women who have not noted any defect in the texts used in modern schools.

Today there is being put forth strong effort for the establishment of world peace and to this end the elimination of world misunderstandings should be sought. And in this connection the proposition to revamp our textbooks on geography and history is demanding increased attention in educational and civic circles.

It is currently stated that it is not in politics but in the schools that the most effective work can be done to insure mutual understanding among the different nationalities both here and abroad. All the signing of pacts, friendly agreements or other diplomatic formalities will not be abiding where there is hatred or revenge harbored and taught either through the press, by oral expression or through the use of textbooks.

And so dangerous is the dormant spirit of opposition and hatred engendered in various ways that the subject of "eliminations of national misunderstanding" occupied prominent place on the program of the "World Federation of Educational Associations" which recently held conference in Edinburgh.

This distinguished educational body urged appeal to the younger generation whose attitude toward world matters is being determined largely in the classrooms to study without prejudice the world's people and world problems. History books, it was held, should exalt peace, not glorify war. We should commend those who accomplish notable things in education, industry and moral progress as highly as those whose generalship wins battles and fame.

Geographies should not emphasize more the differences which degrade, comparatively, some races than those things which are of common interest and helpfulness. It is difficult to understand either individuals or nations when taught to despise or hate them. But it is rather the effort to understand others that drives away distrust and encourages amicable political relationships.

And to the ideals of a correct understanding of other nations or individuals true patriotism is not sacrificed. Emphasis on the greatest good for all nations and individuals is the highest type of sound patriotism for it shatters the artificial barriers which in various ways are raised between the nations of the world. And to this same end current opinion is urging against the emphasis on war and comparative shortcomings of other peoples of the world. Every means educational and otherwise should be employed to avoid misunderstandings and to promote peace.

LINEN INDUSTRY OURS BY NATURAL RIGHT

(Portland Journal.)

"Oregon, with its possibilities for flax culture, should become a heavy producer of linens," said Edward T. Pickard, chief of the textile division of the United States bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, recently in Portland. He said that because of Oregon's proximity to the Orient and its adequate harbors it should develop a big trade, not only in linens but in woolsens and other textiles, with countries bordering on the Pacific. Can government officials, with full information on trade and commerce before them and making a specialty of spreading that information before the country for the benefit of the people, be mistaken? Isn't Mr. Pickard's insistence relative to a linen industry in Oregon of some value? Isn't the insistence of Thomas B. Kay, experienced textile man, that there is a great field in Oregon for a profitable linen industry, of some value? Then why doesn't Portland subscribe her quota for the Salem linen mill?

The above from the Portland Journal of Sunday is in line with other utterances of that paper, in an attempt to arouse the people of Portland.

The Journal could add that there is no other place in the United States, or in North America, where fine fiber flax can be produced—

No place outside of western Oregon and Washington, and a small section of northwestern California. The Journal could prove this by Lyster H. Dewey, botanist in charge of fiber plant investigations of the United States department of agriculture, which position he has held for 25 years. Mr. Dewey is the highest authority in the United States on this point; and he told the writer of this article that very thing, a few evenings ago, during his recent visit here in the Salem district.

More than this, there is no other district in the world as well adapted to both the growing of fine fibered flax and the making of fine linens; where the fields may be almost within eyeshot of the factories; where all the conditions favorable to both growing and manufacturing are found.

The linen industry of North America is ours by natural right—beginning at Salem and extending throughout western Oregon and Washington, and into northwestern California.

Salem has a right to be the Belfast of the New World; can attain to that preeminence by keeping on keeping on to the end of the chapter in fostering flax manufacturing here.

MY HUSBAND'S LOVE

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER F 75

THE PLANS MRS. TICER MADE AND THE NEWS JERRY BROUGHT

When Gabriel blows his last trumpet Mrs. Ticer may be disturbed, but I doubt it. I am very sure that nothing less than the final bugle could upset her placidity.

In any emergency she is a tower of strength, and she acts quickly and effectively. Yet she never appears to hurry. Intuition told me that she must be a bit uneasy concerning the urgent whistled summons for Jerry from his father, but having dispatched her son on his errand, she, to all appearances, dismissed every thought of her family from her mind, and gave her attention entirely to us.

"Come right in," she urged hospitably. "I set the tea-kettle on not five minutes ago, and I'll have a cup of tea and some of those fresh nut cakes in no time."

"I can think of nothing more tempting," I replied sincerely. "But, truly, we haven't a spare second. We have something very serious on hand. You remember Mrs. Durkee?"

"Yes, yes," she replied with the quaint little mannerism so familiar to me. "I do hope nothing has happened to her, she was such a dear little woman."

"Nothing as yet," I answered, and then in a few words as possible I told her of the probability that Dr. Edwin Braithwaite would come east to operate upon Mrs. Durkee, of the need of Katherine for her uniforms, and of Mother Graham's projected wild orgy of housecleaning before the arrival of her daughter and her illustrious son-in-law.

"I'm so sorry about Mrs. Durkee," Mrs. Ticer commented, when I had finished. "But, if Dr. Braithwaite is to operate, no

doubt everything will be all right. But your mother-in-law, poor old lady, I suppose she's fit to be tied, isn't she? It's too bad Celia is away. Let me think!"

Madge Marvels at Mrs. Ticer.

She stared at the wall, while Katherine and I waited docilely. Experience with Mrs. Ticer had taught us that she would evolve something practical from her meditation, and the present moment was to prove no exception to the rule, for it was scarcely a minute before our hostess spoke briskly.

"You won't need those uniforms before tomorrow night, will you?"

She addressed Katherine, who promptly assured her that another day's leeway could be given.

"You'd better not take a chance," Mrs. Ticer returned. "I can get 'em done tomorrow easy, but I won't start 'em today. They ought to dry outside in the sun, so I'll get up extra early tomorrow and get them out. Then I can iron 'em tomorrow night after I come home from your house."

I looked at her ample figure, confined in the old-fashioned tight corset, without which no one ever sees her at work or at play, reflected that she is a woman past middle-age and marvelled—as I had done many times before—at the energy and capacity for accomplishing work which she possesses. Besides doing her own heavy work, she was planning to clean house for Mother Graham and laundry Katherine's uniforms before and after her other arduous hours of labor.

"You Don't Mean—"

"Your house doesn't need cleaning any more than a cat needs two tails," she announced at last. "I never could work very long with Katie in a kitchen—she's too uppish, but nobody's ever heard me say she doesn't keep a house as clean as they make 'em."

"But the way your mother-in-law will turn the house upside down will keep us all hustling to get it done in the time she wants," Mrs. Ticer smiled indulgently, and then continued. "As long as Celia can't be here, I guess we'd better have the girl across the road come over. She's pretty young, only about 15, but she's awful good help—her mother's quite smart for a foreigner."

The prejudice of over two cen-

turies or long island ancestry spoke then, but I did not pay it my usual amazed mental tribute. My attention had been arrested by that all-too-familiar phrase, "across the road."

Only too vivid was the remembrance of the man of that family in the tumble-down house opposite the farmhouse—the man who with Tim, Grace Draper's tool, had spirited Junior away upon that awful night which was to have been the highwater mark of the girl's revenge.

"Surely," I stammered, paling, "you don't mean—"

Mrs. Ticer did not appear to hurry her words, but I realized afterwards that she had not permitted me to finish the sentence. "That family moved away weeks ago," she said. "This is another family, a very different kind. Hasn't your mother-in-law told you?"

I do not think she heard my negative, for Jerry came tearing round the corner of the house in wild excitement.

"Maw, kin you fix some coffee and eggs or something in a hurry? The state troopers want Paw and me to help 'em catch a man, and we've got to start in 15 minutes. Paw made me run on ahead to tell you."

(To be continued)

Did You Ever Stop To Think?

By E. E. Waite, Secretary Shawnee, Okla., Board of Commerce

That the place to spend money is in the home city.

That when you shop at home you reap the benefits. So does your home city.

That you can find complete stocks of reasonable merchandise in the home city.

That if a visit should be made through all the stores, you would be surprised at the amount of dependable merchandise carried by them.

That no matter what articles you desire you will find them there at a reasonable price.

That those who go out of the city to shop are only fooling themselves when they think that they can do better away from home.

That local merchants deserve the first consideration.

That they deserve the trade.

That they are a part of the city.

That they have done everything to meet your every want.

That they do their share to make your city a good city in which to live.

That their profits are spent in your city.

That their success means the city's success.

You help yourself when you buy at home.

JAPANESE PROPOSES GUILD

TOKYO—A guild which would handle the Russo-Japanese import and export trade has been proposed by Viscount Shimpei Goto, according to the vernaculars. It is said the proposed guild would be capitalized at 150,000,000 yen. The trade with Russia, according to Viscount Goto's scheme, would be handled by the Japanese guild and the Soviet bureau of trade. The guild would also look after any concessions granted by Russia to Japanese.

BILLY'S UNCLE



DOROTHY DARNIT



Dinner Stories

Sandy was engaged to a girl who, a few days before her nineteenth birthday, succumbed to the prevailing craze and had her hair bobbed. All her girl friends congratulated her on her improved



appearance and it was therefore without any misgivings that she showed herself to her sweetheart. But Sandy viewed her with grave disapproval.

"It's hard on me, lassie," he said; "verra hard. After I've just bought ye a packet o' hairpins for your birthday."

Young Jones, who was of very limited means, presented the minister, after the wedding ceremony, with a couple of frayed bank notes and some loose change, saying: "I'm sorry, parson, but this is all I've got."

Then, observing the faint look of disappointment which the poor parson was unable to restrain, he added hastily: "But, if we have

any children, we will send them to your Sunday school."

A lady in a southern town was approached by her colored maid. "Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air. "Please, Mis' Mary, yight I have the aft'noon off? Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress' face, she added hastily: "I want to go to my fiancé's funeral."

"Goodness me," answered the lady. "Your fiancé's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice: "I see about him, Mis' 'cos he's going to be hung!"

LAKE TROUT ARE ATTACKED

TACOMA, Wash.—Silver trout in American Lake, ten miles south of here, are dying by the thousands this summer. Dr. Hinton D. Jones, county health officer, has found the cause to be a parasite or scale which attacks the gills. No other species have been affected.

To illustrate the extraordinary versatility of the Haynes unit, a Washington headline reads: "Dry Agents Disguised as Gentlemen Invade Hotels."



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